



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. F. STEINTHAL.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Little Noel's Rissoles. 1 oz. of cooked meat; $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of bread crumbs; 1 piece of suet as big as a nut; 1 little piece of onion, partly boiled; 1 teaspoonful of gravy; salt and pepper; 1 egg and bread crumbs. Take the meat and remove all the gristle from it and chop it up into tiny pieces; then treat the onion and suet in the same way. Soak the crumbs in the gravy and let them stand ten minutes. Mix the meat, onion, suet, and soaked crumbs together, season it, and take a little piece and make it into a ball about the size of a marble. Brush the balls over with egg, roll them in bread crumbs, and fry in hot dripping. Drain them on soft paper to get all the dripping from them. Serve on a hot dish, and decorate with small sprigs of parsley.

Holiday Pudding. 3 oz. flour; 1 oz. suet; 1 oz. raisins (stoned); 1 oz. sugar; 1 egg; a little baking powder; a pinch of salt. Chop the suet very finely, pick and stone the raisins. Mix the flour and suet together, add the salt and baking powder, and egg, which must be well beaten. Line the pudding basin with the raisins, and turn the mixture into it. Take a piece of soft paper, grease it well, and put it over the top of the basin, and steam the pudding for one hour.

EDITH OLLIFF,

Lecturer on Cookery to the County Council.

LITTLE COCK SPARROW. BY AUNT MAI.

A tale for little children who do not like to be dressed in the morning.

ONE morning, Mr. Cock Sparrow was suddenly awakened by a tremendous blow, which knocked him over the side of

his little nest on to the ground at the foot of the old oak tree, nearly breaking his neck with the force with which he fell on the earth. He first turned his head round to see if it were dislocated, then stood up on his two little legs, and looked up to see who had wakened him so cruelly. On second thoughts, as he could only see the anxious face of Mrs. Sparrow looking for him over the side of the nest, he made up his mind that perhaps the best thing would be to fly up and enquire if she had knocked him over. So up he flew, and getting very red in the face with temper, said "What did you kick me out of bed for?" "Oh my dear," said his meek little wife, "I should never dream of doing such a thing. I was fast asleep, when I suddenly heard a great noise, and when I opened my eyes I could not find you, and I *was* so frightened." "Who can have dared to treat me in such a manner?" said Cock Sparrow, hopping round his nest with rage, "I might have broken my neck! Oh! I *am* angry!"

"Father," said a little voice, "I think I know, I saw the twig you always sit on when you sing for us, come and knock you out of bed."

Cock Sparrow was so pleased that he had found out who his enemy was, that he flew away, and quickly returned with a very fine worm for his eldest son's breakfast, then off he flew to the twig.

"How dare you pitch me out of bed this morning? You are very ungrateful after all the songs I have sung to you, and I'll never call on you again."

"Dear Cock Sparrow," said the twig, "I was just putting on my best green dress to come and apologise to you. I wouldn't hurt a feather of your head for the world; but just as I was waking up, Mr. North Wind gave me such a push that I came right across your nest, and could not help upsetting you. Do let us be friends still, and do sing for me again." And the little twig was so unhappy that she shed dewdrop tears.

Little Cock Sparrow made an elegant bow, and said with a very grand air,

"Madam, I freely forgive you; but—but—where does Mr. North Wind live? I *must* go and fight him, or he will think he can take any liberty with me."

"I cannot tell you where he lives; but I know he always comes over that hill yonder, so perhaps you had better get to the other side, and then ask your way."

"Thank you, madam, good morning," said Cock Sparrow very politely, for he was a true little gentleman.

He then went home and asked his wife to pack his portmanteau, while he put on his best coat and trousers, and tall hat. When ready to start, he kissed his wife and children, and taking his portmanteau under his wing, flew bravely over the hill. When he got to the other side, he began to feel a little tired, and that his bag was rather too heavy, so he wisely opened it, and taking out his dress suit, which he had thought would make an impression on the North Wind, threw them down to the ground, where they happened to fall just before the nose of a little chicken, who picked them up, and ran to his mother. Of course she dressed him at once in the suit, and he was soon the centre of an admiring crowd of hens and chickens, who were very much taken with the coat tails. After this, all the chickens in that part of the world were so anxious to wear trousers that they cultivated feathers on their legs, and to this day get all the first prizes in shows.

On and on flew our plucky little gentleman. A butterfly he met told him he must go further north, and fly over another hill. Before he could get quite over, he again felt so tired and faint, that he opened his portmanteau once more, and took out his tie and collar. They fell close by a large caterpillar who was on his way to be married, so he at once put them on, and was greatly admired by the bride and bridesmaids.

Cock Sparrow managed to get over the hill at last; but it was very hard work, and his wings were very weary, so he said, "Why should I carry an empty portmanteau? My wife gave it to me, so I am sorry to lose it; but still—here it goes!"

So down to the earth came the portmanteau, when it was soon captured by an industrious mole, who thought it would make a capital chest for his winter provision.

Then Cock Sparrow met an owl, who told him Mr. North Wind lived many, many miles away, and that he had yet a river, and another mountain to fly over. So much exercise made the little traveller warm, and as his head was beginning to ache, he took off his hat and coat, and threw them away.

The hat was picked up by a mouse, who hid it in an old water butt, because, he said to himself, that the day might come when he might like to wear it, especially when the sun was very hot.

The coat was found by a black beetle, who cut it up and made winter top-coats for his family.

As Cock Sparrow was passing over the last mountain he met an eagle, who told him that Mr. North Wind lived just at the other side, and that he must knock at the front door of his house and he would answer it. His house was a cave in the mountain, and the front door had a very large key hole, so he would soon know it. Cock Sparrow thanked him, then kicking off his trousers, as he was by this time very much exhausted, he struggled on until he found the door. He knocked bravely, and presently a deep, gruff voice answered "Who's there?"

"It is I, Mr. Cock Sparrow."

"What do you want?" roared the North Wind.

"I want to fight you, sir, because you nearly broke my neck this morning; you really should not be so rough."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" bellowed the North Wind. "Let me look at you." And he peeped through the big key hole. "What! you have no clothes on? I couldn't *dream* of speaking to a man who has no clothes on. Be off at once."

The North Wind laughed so hard through the key hole that little Cock Sparrow was lifted off his feet and, before he knew where he was, the North Wind had blown him back into his own nest, where his wife and children hung round his neck and nearly smothered the little man with kisses, because he had been so brave and valiant.

Then he had to go to bed and stay there until his busy little wife had made him a new suit of clothes.

THE EDDA FOR CHILDREN.

How Thor got the Kettle.

Once upon a time Egeis and his gods found one day after they had caught a large net of fish, that they had no kettle to cook them in. There the fish lay before them, and yet the

hungry men could not eat it, and being very tired after a long day's fishing they got very angry, and spoke very sharply to one another. Thor, who was a great big strong giant, looked Ægis straight in his eyes and said angrily, "You shall cook every meal in future for us, for leaving us without this evening." Ægis was so enraged with Thor for saying this, that he made up his mind he would have his revenge, and at last he thought of a plan. He called in a loud voice to Thor,

"Bring me a kettle yourself, that will be large enough to cook fish for you all."

The giants looked at one another in dismay, for nobody knew where such a kettle could be found, until the kind-hearted Ty whispered to Thor—

"I can tell you where to go. My father Hymir lives in the east. He is very wild and fierce; but I know he owns an enormous kettle that would hold us all—ay, and more too."

"Indeed," said Thor, quite delighted to hear the good news. "Do you know how we could possibly get near the kettle?"

"Yes, my friend," answered Ty, "but we must be very cunning if we mean to get it."

So Thor and Ty stole away from the other giants, and were drawn by goats in a chariot to the giant Hymir's castle.

Thor, who was always very kind to his animals, first of all put his goats into their stalls, and then stepped through the big door into the castle. He met Ty's grandmother in the hall, who looked very terrible with nine hundred heads; but close behind her came a beautiful golden-haired lady, carrying a cup in her hands. She was Ty's mother, and she was so delighted to see her dear son, that she threw her arms round his neck and laughed for joy; but in a few moments her eyes filled with tears, and she looked anxious and very unhappy.

"Oh, my son," she said, "how could you come here? Your father is so angry when he sees visitors that I fear he will kill both you and your friend. What must I do? Come quickly, I think I can save you by hiding you in the big kettle," and running swiftly in front of them, she gave Ty another kiss,

and pushed him and Thor into the kettle, where they sat perfectly still, as they did not wish to be slain by Hymir.

The big giant returned home that evening very late from the hunt. When he entered the hall the whole castle shook, so heavy were his footsteps, and Thor heard and felt the trembling, but was much too brave to be frightened.

His beautiful wife met him with smiles and words of welcome, and seizing one of his great big hands between her two soft little palms, she said, "Hail to thee, my Hymir, I have good news for you. Our son has arrived at last from his long journey, and has brought Thor the brave god with him. See they are sitting at the other side of that pillar which hides them from you."

Hymir looked at the pillar, and his glance was so piercing that it shivered it into a thousand fragments, and caused eight big kettles to fall, leaving only one whole one standing. Ty and his friend stepped out of this one and greeted Hymir, who looked at Thor and quickly made up his mind to destroy him.

He said nothing of his intention, but told his wife to boil three oxen for their supper. To his great surprise, when they sat down to the meal, Thor ate two of them. "Um," said Hymir, "if you eat like this we shall soon have to live on what we can catch."

Thor at once offered to fish for the next day's meals, if Hymir would provide him with bait.

"No," roared the giant, in a voice like thunder, "if you've got any courage at all you must go to the cattle, and perhaps you will be able to get bait from an ox."

Thor rose up and went hastily out into the woods, and soon came across a perfectly black ox standing in the pathway. He drew his sword, and with one stroke cut off its head, which he carried to Hymir, who was seated in his beautiful boat that was shaped like a horse. Thor got into it, and asked Hymir to row him out further; but Hymir said he had no desire to do so, and wished to remain near the shore.

Then both giants began to try their strength. First of all Hymir drew up two whales with one hook with his own hands, and then looked at Thor in triumph, who, he felt sure, would have to own he was beaten. Thor did not say any-

thing, but quietly fastened his hook into the ox's head, and lowered it into the water. The great, great serpent that goes round the whole world, saw it, and grasped it in his mouth. Slowly, very slowly Thor drew up the line, and when at last the awful head with the glistening eyes appeared above the water, the icebergs clapped against each other, and the caverns howled like thunder, and the earth shrank together, because it could no longer exist without the serpent band, and Hymir terrified and trembling seized his strong knife and cut Thor's line, so that the great fish sank once more into the ocean and again clasped the world together.

Hymir was still so angry and frightened as they rowed back, that he did not speak a word for some time. At last he said, "Will you halve the work with me? Will you either carry the whales home, or bind the boat fast?"

Thor gave no answer; but quickly stepped forward, grasped the prow, lifted the boat out of the water, and carried it with its oars and scoop on his shoulders to the giant's castle.

But Hymir was not satisfied that Thor was stronger than he, and he said, "No man is really strong, no matter how well he can row, if he cannot break my cup." Thor stepped forward, seized it in both hands and dashed the cup against the stone pillar; but when it was picked up it was found to be unbroken.

Thor was puzzled, and began to wonder if Hymir was going to conquer him after all, when Ty's mother came softly behind and said in a low whisper, "Throw the cup at Hymir's head."

Thor again took the cup, and hurled it with all his might against the hard head of the giant. Strange to say, his head remained quite whole, and unhurt; but the cup was broken in atoms. Hymir looked sadly at the remains. "Ah, I know much good has departed from me now that my cup is broken," then turning to Thor he continued, "Well, try and see if you can carry the big kettle away from my castle." Ty tried twice, but could not manage even to shake it. Then Thor stepped up to it, and lifted it with one hand on to his head, and quickly ran out of the castle to the stalls where his goats were waiting in harness, and away they flew to the land where the gods were living.

So Thor carried home the big kettle, and after every hard fishing day Egis cooks the fish for the gods' supper in it.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

Most children are fond of pets; some like animals best, others love flowers; both need care and attention. Some may imagine that in August the season is too far advanced, and that nothing can be done until next spring; but that is not the case, there is always work to be done in a garden to prepare for future crops and blooms.

If my little readers do not already possess a garden, they must ask their parents to spare them a piece of ground, not in too shady a place, and they must weed and dig this until it is in good order. Wall-flowers, Sweet Williams, and several other hardy perennials (flowers that spring up again year after year) can now be sown, and will bloom next spring. Mignonette can be sown this month in pots or boxes to bloom indoors in the winter. Never sow the seeds too close together, as they will crowd one another, and so cannot grow properly.

Hollyhocks, tall lilies, dahlias, and sunflowers must be tied to tall sticks so that the wind cannot knock them down.

All withered leaves and blooms should be picked off as they make the garden look untidy. Sweet peas and other hardy annuals should be allowed to run to seed, and so save children's pockets another spring. Prick out pansies and forget-me-nots in rows to flower in spring. Strawberry suckers if planted now will grow well, and bear fruit next summer. If the weather is dry and hot, water the plants every evening after the sun has ceased to shine on the bed.

Go round the garden every day, and pick off all caterpillars, insects, and slugs.

If the garden is infested with wire-worm, there is an old fashioned and simple trap, which will, if used, prove quite successful. Cut a raw potato in slices, bury them just under the surface of the ground; in a day or two dig up, and throw them into boiling water, and the garden will soon be cleared of these destructive creatures.

Little gardeners will require for their work a trowel, a small fork, and a rake. A spade large enough to be of use would be too heavy for their arms.

If any children would like to ask any questions, they are invited to write to Mrs. Hogsted, Locker's Hall, Billericay, Essex.

NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLES.

[Refer to the July Number for information about prizes.]

I have a little sister, they call her Peep Peep.
She wades in the water deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high.
But my poor little sister has only one eye.

As I went over London Bridge
I peeped in at a window,
And there saw four-and-twenty girls
Dancing on a cinder.

Four prizes, two shilling, and two sixpenny prizes, are offered to girls under 11, for the best four knitted doll's caps.

Four prizes, two shilling, and two sixpenny prizes, are offered to boys under 11, for the best small cardboard sloyd model.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

August is a month when all children play, and do no work, so I will give no drills; but only pleasant merry games that they can play by themselves. The "worker's game" given in the June number has developed in some nurseries into a "dumb-story" play. The children who go out of the room choose a fairy tale, and when they come into the room act it without speaking one word until the audience cries out "Puss in Boots," or "The Goose Girl," or "Drake's Tail," just whatever it is, and then take their turn to go out and decide upon another subject. Children playing on the sands could first build a small platform and seats for the spectators out of sand, and could then play this game on hot days when it is too warm to romp.

Some mothers have written to say that Sunday games are a difficulty to them, what the children could do and what they ought not to do. A very popular play in many nurseries is to cut out figures, animals, flowers and pictures out of illustrated catalogues, papers, etc.; let the children then make little brown paper books about nine inches by six, and paste the cut out pictures on one side only, taking pains to arrange each page well, and then send them to a children's hospital. The children learn patience, exactness of eye (in cutting) hand and eye partnership, and best of all, sympathy and love for others not so strong and well as themselves.

In Mr. Sully's translation from *Le Roman d'un Enfant par Pierre Loti*, a very charming game for children of three and four is described.

"At first we played at being caterpillars. We dragged ourselves along the ground with difficulty on our chest and knees, hunting for leaves to eat. Then we soon imagined that an irresistible sleep overpowered our senses, and we would go and lie down in some corner under the branches, our heads covered with our white pinafores. We had become cocoons, chrysalides.

This state lasted a more or less long time, and we entered so well into our parts of insects, that an indiscreet ear might have seized phrases of this kind, exchanged in a tone of perfect conviction; 'Do you think you will come out soon?' 'Oh, I feel it will not be long this time, it is already unfolding in my shoulders' ('it' meaning of course the wings). Then we woke up; we stretched ourselves, and all at once began playful flitting. With both hands we held the corners of our baby-pinafores, which we shook all the time in the manner of wings. We ran, and ran, chasing one another, flying from one another in sharp fantastic curves; we went to smell close to all the flowers, imitating the buzzing of moths, making a sound like Hou-ou-ou with the mouth half closed, and the cheeks puffed out with air."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You are all preparing to start off to the seaside or to the country, so I will not trouble you this month to do much for me, but will only ask you some wet day to write me a little diary of one day. I don't want you to tell me you played with Johnnie So and So, or Dorothy Smith, and that you had tea and dinner; but what you saw. If you are by the sea, how many boats, starfish, sea urchins, etc., you saw, and what shells and sea-weed you picked up; and if you are in the country what birds, and flowers, and beasties you observed. This will give you something to do and think about, and will give great pleasure to yourselves, and to your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

The compositions all showed that the children fully understood the meaning of the subject Ingratitude, and the prize is divided between Doris Mary Butt, and Margery Dunthorne. Honourable mention, Dorothy Keeling, Irene Robertshaw, Heather Gregg, and Mary Lewis.

The Boys' Prize is divided between Hugh Ward and Clinton Lewis.